

IF IT'S INSURANCE YOU WANT. SEE

F. M. SYDNOR, Manager
HUNTER & ECHOLS INSURANCE AGENCY INC'
Marlinton. West Virginia.



GEORGIA MARBLE

Nature itself has supplied GEORGIA MARBLE with the ability to resist the ravages of time. The beauty of its surface is enhanced by the composite strength of its texture. GEORGIA MARBLE is "different" and not to be confused with other materials. A memorial in this beautiful stone will stand through-out the ages as a fitting expression of love and respect. Monuments in GEORGIA MARBLE for sale by

SOUTHERN MARBLE & GRANITE CO.
Z. S. SMITH, Agent
Marlinton West Virginia

Marlinton General Hospital

Marlinton, W. Va.

DR. HARRY C. SOLTER
Physician and Surgeon.

1921 Bush Cars

Fully equipped with motor enclosed with transmission. Plenty of power. High quality bearing; full floating rear axle; genuine leather upholstery; 2 unit starting and lighting. Willard batteries. 120 inch wheel base. Joyce motor meter; Stewart Warner speedometer; plate glass window in back curtain. Two universal joint drive. Beautiful double cover body, large and roomy.

PRICES
-Bush Deluxe Six with six cylinder motor \$1575.00. War tax extra, f. o. b. factory
1921 model 4 Bush car, 5 passenger touring car \$1245.00 war tax extra f. o. b. factory.

For further specifications write
D. R. Gragg, Agent
HOSTERMAN, W. VA.



Insyde Tyres

Insyde Tyres should be placed in every tire old or new. Guaranteed to double the mileage. Can be used over and over. They will be used by every one sooner or later. Ask any user. They are all satisfied.

L. C. IRVIN,
INSYDE TYRE DISTRIBUTOR
WARWICK, W. VA.

For Sale

Farm for sale, 4 miles from Dunmore on the Frost road consisting of 259 acres. Near 175 acres improved and the rest in good timber. 75 acres partly cut over land. This farm is well watered and has a good orchard, good house and other out buildings. Known as the old Peter Buzzard farm. For terms of sale, apply to,
John W. Lindsay,

R. T. GREER & SON

MARLINTON, W. VA.

BUYERS ALL KINDS

Medicinal Roots, Herbs, barks
Ginseng, Fur Skins and Bees
Wax.

LARGEST DEALERS IN STATE

FOR SALE—Two extra good yearling draft colts, will sell at a bargain if sold soon. If interested write or call by phone. Arch Dilley, Cloverlick, W. Va.

THE RURAL TEACHER

Editor Times:

There seems to be at the present time a general unrest among the teachers. I think if I may be allowed the privilege, I shall endeavor to give a few points on the situation.

First, it takes time, money and training for the teacher just the same as for the doctor. Your child is physically unbalanced and you send for your physician. He diagnosis the case, gives you the remedy and leaves you to care for the child, and charges you from \$3.00 to \$10.00 for maybe fifteen minutes of his time. This leaves him time to make at least twelve more visits to others in the same length of time that the public calls the teacher's day, not counting the time that either are on the road. This day therefore averages the Doctor from \$36.00 to \$120 per day.

Your child is mentally unbalanced, you, sometimes, give it the necessary books and send it to the teacher. Now she cannot assign it the lesson and send it back home to get this lesson and leave it to you to see that it does, but she must keep it right with her and have it get the lesson herself. It is left to the teacher to take that child, usually multiplied by from 30 to 40, and rear it as it were her own child. She has to know every child's temperament, his desires, his fallings or short comings. She must deal with all their faults. She is legislative, Executive, and Judicial in her powers. For this service the teacher must be satisfied with from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per day. If the teacher's day was only from 9 a. m. till 4 p. m. as is often considered, it might be different but very often she must sit up till eleven o'clock at night preparing the next days program, very often having probably declined an invitation in order to be alone to study and ponder over Johnny's case and solve the question as to what to do in some other case. Probably the next eve when she goes to her boarding place she finds one of her patrons there ready to give her instructions as to where she must let Johnny sit, even though he is hard of hearing and has defective eyesight, and has been sitting near the front.

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Is there any wonder that we quit the profession and look for work elsewhere.

A Rural Teacher.

Browning's Delicious Coffee

COSTS NO MORE, BETTER THAN EVER
ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR

Packed by Browning & Balnes, Importers, New York and Washington since 1940.

T. S. McNEEL
Hillsboro W. V.

Administrator's Notice
Notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of Susan Malcomb, deceased, to settle the same at once with the undersigned Administrator, and all persons holding claims against the said estate are requested to file the same, properly itemized and accompanied with full legal proof, for payment.

Given under my hand this 16th day of November, 1920.

A. P. Edgar,
Admr. of Susan Malcomb, deceased.

TRESPASS NOTICE
Notice is hereby given that the lands of the undersigned at and around Minnehaha Springs, W. Va. are posted, and hunting, fishing and other trespassing is forbidden.
Maggie E. Lockridge.
October 18, 1920.

FOR SALE—Best Barred Rock cockerels; Thompson's Ringlet strain, early hatch, large, \$3.00 each or two for \$5.50.
Mrs. H. M. Moore,
Dunmore, W. Va.

WANTED: Position as sales-lady in general or dry goods store. Reference furnished as to efficiency.
Apply, Box W. Locust, W. Va.

FORD CAR FOR SALE: In good repair 5 passenger Ford, price \$275. Can be seen at Baxter's Garage.

MY CAREER AS A SOLDIER

A Dream Story
Written by W. A. M., a Greenbank High School Student.

Some people said I was too dumb to join the army, some said I would do more harm than good, but I just laughed at their foolish ideas and gathering up my old shotgun I started off to Marlinton to enlist.

At Marlinton the Doctors pronounced me physically fit for service, with the exception of a weak spot on my brain. However, they said I might make a good cook, so I was loaded on to a train and shipped to Camp Lee.

Arriving at Camp Lee, I walked up to an Officer and told him I wanted to get to France as soon as possible, so I could get a crack at one of those Germans. The Officer punched me in the ribs with his pistol and told me to get back with my crowd or he'd give me a pass to the Guard House. I would like to have found out more about the Guard House, but I deemed it unwise to ask any more questions then.

Things went along smoothly for a few days, and then I remembered having left my gun at Marlinton. I informed the Captain of my Company that I was going after my gun, but he only laughed at me and told me I wouldn't need it, for he allowed I wouldn't take time to use it if the Germans were to get after me. This made me rather sore, so I politely told him what I thought of him. Two hours later I was in the Guard House on a three week vacation. After getting out of the Guard-house I had fully made up my mind to spend my vacations elsewhere.

One day our Lieutenant took us out for a drill. This was my first experience in that line, so when the "Lewie" called, "Stand at attention!" I turned around and saluted him, saying, "Stand at, where did you say?" Well, that dumb Lewie had me in the woodpile for a week.

After my previous visit to the woodpile I was a little more careful as to my manner of acting. At the end of three months I had received all the training necessary and was taken to Newport News to wait the sailing of my ship. When we were settled down on the ship my squad was given charge of the gun which was used as a protection against submarines. On the fifth day after we sailed from port I noticed a small island off to the left from which a stream of water was flying high into the air. I turned to one of my comrades and said, "See that keyser out there Bill?"

"That's no keyser, you fool," he said, "That's a whale spouting water." A couple days later I was on guard watching for submarines, when I suddenly beheld a long object sticking out of the water, and then as it arose a little higher I saw it's back. Just then a large object came hurtling through the water and struck the ship with a loud explosion. I rushed to the Captain of the ship and cried out, "Say, Cap., a blooming whale is throwing stones at the ship!" A few minutes later it was reported that a torpedo had struck the ship a glancing blow, but did no harm. I wondered where the torpedo came from, for I was sure there was nothing but an innocent whale within five miles of us. The Captain ordered me below to shovel coal as punishment for my carelessness. I was filled with terror over the prospects of going below to shovel coal, for I had visions of people wailing and gnashing their teeth. When I was allowed to go back on deck three days later, I had discovered that it was not the place the preacher tells about when he tries to convert some wicked soul.

After landing in France we were immediately taken to a camp one hundred and sixty miles back of the battle lines. The next day I was put on guard, and pretty soon a rough looking man came along. I commanded him to halt but he only said, "Parley voo franzy?" I immediately marched the man off to headquarters and turned him over to an Officer as a German, and I was threatened with the Guard-house for bringing in a peaceful Frenchman as a German spy. Nothing was done to me, however, so I decided the life of a soldier wasn't so bad after all.

"Look here" my Captain said one day, "I want you to go over there and guard that Street. If any one comes along hallow halt", three times distinctly, and if they dont stop, bring them to me." I consented and took my stand beside the street. Presently an Officer came along and I yelled, "Halt three times distinctly!" The man only looked my way and kept on going. I rushed after him and told him to come with me. He asked me what I wanted, and when I told him my intentions he shoved a pistol up to my ear and said, "Now, you wop, come with me to the guard-house." And I did.

One cloudy night while I was on guard, I heard the distant boom of cannon, or what I thought was cannon. I rushed to my Captain and told him to prepare for a retreat, for I heard the Germans coming. The Captain mumbled a few cuss-words and went to the door.

"That's thunder!" he angrily cried "I'll settle with you to-morrow!" I spent my first night in the trenches, thinking every sound I heard was the approach of the enemy. Early the next morning my company was ordered to take a Machine-gun nest, which was located in a small ravine. We were within a couple hundred yards of the German trenches, crawling on our hands and knees, when the Germans suddenly started firing at us. Instantly every one of my comrades dropped flat on his stomach to wait till the firing would cease. Thinking all my men had been killed, I looked fearfully about me a moment and then started for the rear.

"Come back here, you coward!" someone shouted.

Thinking it was only the ghost of a dead comrade calling I replied as I ran, "Just as soon as this dreadful war is over I will."

After my previous escape from the Germans I went to another sector, and I was determined to act with more bravery the next time. My chance came when one dark night several other men and I were detail-

R. T. GREER & SON

Marlinton, W. Va.

Largest Buyer Of

FUR SKINS
GINSENG
ROOTS and
HERBS

Get Our Price

Liberal Reward

During the month of October, 1920, 3 yearling steers were driven from my pasture on Clover Creek—one blue roan, one red, and a red with a little white about the head. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of the thieves.

U. H. HANNAH,
Cass, W. Va.

Dec. 7, 1920.

Notice

One good reason you should sell all your raw furs to us is, because the prices are not so high this year, and you need to get an honest grade and all the fur is worth, so send or bring your furs to us. This is not our first year in this business, and we expect to hold all our old customers and add several new ones this year. We solicit the patronage of regular shippers. We handled the fur of several shippers last season in different counties, and all were well pleased with our grading and prices.

Yours very respectfully,
L. D. SHARP,
Slatyfork, W. Va.

Fiduciary Notice

Notice as required by law is here by given that the accounts of Frank Moore as administrator of H. M. Harrison, deceased, are before the undersigned Commissioner of accounts for settlement.

Given under my hand this 6th day of December, 1920.

T. S. McNEEL, Commissioner.

Notice to Stockholders

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Hillsboro will be held at the banking rooms of said institution in the town of Hillsboro, West Virginia, on the 3rd day of January, 1921, at 1 o'clock p. m., to transact such business as may properly come before the meeting.

Given under my hand this 8th day of December, 1920.

J. K. MARSHALL, Cashier.

Notice to Stockholders

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Marlinton will be held at the banking rooms of said institution in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 3rd day of January 1920 at 1 o'clock p. m. to transact such business as may properly come before the meeting.

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OLD LIME, EMPTY BARRELS, Empty Bags.—The Union Tanning Company has accumulated a carload of old lime which is highly recommended for fertilizing purposes. Same can be bought by the carload or by the wagon load. Also empty bags for shipping potatoes and empty barrels for shipping apples or potatoes. Phone or write S. N. Hench, Supt., Marlinton, W. Va.

NOTICE

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on the lands of the undersigned by hunting, digging roots, gathering herbs or in any other way. This is a warning and not a bluff.

L. J. CARTER.

RABBITS FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Belgian hares for sale, Fine stock and prices right.
EVERETT HEROLD, Jr.
Marlinton, W. Va.

State of West Virginia

Pocahontas County, To Wit:

Z. S. Smith, administrator of Ed. C. Coulter, Plaintiff

vs.

Bertie Otermie and William Coulter, Defendants

At Rules held in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the 1st Monday of December 1920.

The object of the above entitled suit is to determine who is the next of kin of the defendant, Ed. C. Coulter, and entitled to the residue of the estate; to ascertain if possible the whereabouts of the defendant, Bertie Otermie and whether a legal presumption of her death has arisen; to settle the accounts of the plaintiff as administrator and for general relief.

This day came the plaintiff by his attorney and upon his motion and it appearing by affidavit filed in this cause that due diligence has been used to ascertain the whereabouts of the defendant, Bertie Otermie, without effect.

It is therefore ordered that the said Bertie Otermie do appear here within one month after the date of first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect her interest in this suit.

Atteste: G. W. Sharp, Clerk.
By J. E. Buckley, Deputy Clerk.
Andrew Price, Sol.

FOR SALE: Ford Touring Car, 1917 model, has good tires, chains, and Hasser shock absorbers. Car is ready to run.
See Marlinton Garage.
C. G. Malcomb, Marlinton, W. Va.

TURKEYS

Wanted For
Christmas and New Year

The time has come to dispose of your poultry on those two great markets. Your efforts of daily toll and expense are to be turned into money.

The FARMER or MERCHANT who has a shipment, the larger the better is very fortunate, for turkeys and all kinds of poultry are certainly commodities that have not declined in price. Thanksgiving prices which are always a criterion for the Christmas and New Year markets were the highest ever known. Our Shippers were highly pleased with their prompt returns, which they made sure of realizing by using Frank Hellerick & Co. on their consignments.

Hellerick & Co. were certainly PHILADELPHIA HEADQUARTERS for the Thanksgiving trade as we will most assuredly be for the Christmas and New Year markets.

We are located "in the heart" of a market for over 2,000,000 people. Do not be afraid of over-stocking us, our outlet is unlimited and our demands are simply greater than we can supply. In this great market Frank Hellerick & Co. stands out "like the Light House on the shore," efficiently equipped and ready for your shipment. We are bound to have a wonderful market, and rest assured prices obtained by us will meet your highest expectations.

Ship dressed turkeys exclusively for the Christmas, arriving 20th to 23rd, ship all kinds of dressed poultry for New Year, arriving 27th to 30th. The latter is always an excellent market so do not hesitate to ship to it.

Ship to Philadelphia and to the Leading Poultry House.

FRANK HELLERICK & CO.
349 New Market St. 120 Callowhill St.
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

THE RURAL TEACHER

Editor Times:

There seems to be at the present time a general unrest among the teachers. I think if I may be allowed the privilege, I shall endeavor to give a few points on the situation.

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Dec. 7, 1920.

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There seems to be at the present time a general unrest among the teachers. I think if I may be allowed the privilege, I shall endeavor to give a few points on the situation.

First, it takes time, money and training for the teacher just the same as for the doctor. Your child is physically unbalanced and you send for your physician. He diagnosis the case, gives you the remedy and leaves you to care for the child, and charges you from \$3.00 to \$10.00 for maybe fifteen minutes of his time. This leaves him time to make at least twelve more visits to others in the same length of time that the public calls the teacher's day, not counting the time that either are on the road. This day therefore averages the Doctor from \$36.00 to \$120 per day.

Your child is mentally unbalanced, you, sometimes, give it the necessary books and send it to the teacher. Now she cannot assign it the lesson and send it back home to get this lesson and leave it to you to see that it does, but she must keep it right with her and have it get the lesson herself. It is left to the teacher to take that child, usually multiplied by from 30 to 40, and rear it as it were her own child. She has to know every child's temperament, his desires, his fallings or short comings. She must deal with all their faults. She is legislative, Executive, and Judicial in her powers. For this service the teacher must be satisfied with from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per day. If the teacher's day was only from 9 a. m. till 4 p. m. as is often considered, it might be different but very often she must sit up till eleven o'clock at night preparing the next days program, very often having probably declined an invitation in order to be alone to study and ponder over Johnny's case and solve the question as to what to do in some other case. Probably the next eve when she goes to her boarding place she finds one of her patrons there ready to give her instructions as to where she must let Johnny sit, even though he is hard of hearing and has defective eyesight, and has been sitting near the front.

I had the pleasure recently to hear two well informed men talking on this subject. One said, "I think these high salaried teachers should get a little more of the teacher spirit and be satisfied with their present wages and find a little payment in the joy of their work, and be willing to follow after the Master Teacher." This sounds all right but patrons, "teacher spirit" won't buy bread; it won't pay train and car fare to the meetings, granges, reading circles, round tables and institutes that teachers are supposed to attend. It won't buy shoes at from \$9.00 to \$15 per pair.

2nd. Very often as is the case with the rural teacher, she is hired by a board of education or trustees to teach a school that she is a complete stranger to. Often when she goes to this new place she can hardly find a place to board. When she does find a place where they "hum-haw" and say "If you can't get board anywhere else we'll try to take you" she "feels elected" and, of course, on Sunday eve goes to this place to find a room containing a bed, one chair, usually discarded from the dining room or family sitting room, a little mirror about 18x20 inches, and no stove. If she says anything about a stove she is told that on account of there being no stove pipe hole in there it would be impossible to have a stove. Maybe after being installed in her new home for a month or so, she is quietly informed that she will have to room with one of the children or with "the girls" since Grandmother or Aunt Jane So-and-so is coming to spend the remainder of the winter. Of course before this time the teacher has signed a contract for from six to nine months. She must either labor under these conditions or be a "slacker" or more nearly a "deserter". In the face of all these conditions the teacher is expected to be the wisest, richest, most stylishly dressed person in the community. She is expected to be at the head of every organization for community welfare work and, of course, is expected to contribute unstintedly to every charitable institution known.

Is there any wonder that we quit the profession and look for work elsewhere.

A Rural Teacher.

MY CAREER AS A SOLDIER

A Dream Story
Written by W. A. M., a Greenbank High School Student.

Some people said I was too dumb to join the army, some said I would do more harm than good, but I just laughed at their foolish ideas and gathering up my old shotgun I started off to Marlinton to enlist.

At Marlinton the Doctors pronounced me physically fit for service, with the exception of a weak spot on my brain. However, they said I might make a good cook, so I was loaded on to a train and shipped to Camp Lee.

Arriving at Camp Lee, I walked up to an Officer and told him I wanted to get to France as soon as possible, so I could get a crack at one of those Germans. The Officer punched me in the ribs with his pistol and told me to get back with my crowd or he'd give me a pass to the Guard House. I would like to have found out more about the Guard House, but I deemed it unwise to ask any more questions then.

Things went along smoothly for a few days, and then I remembered having left my gun at Marlinton. I informed the Captain of my Company that I was going after my gun, but he only laughed at me and told me I wouldn't need it, for he allowed I wouldn't take time to use it if the Germans were to get after me. This made me rather sore, so I politely told him what I thought of him. Two hours later I was in the Guard House on a three week vacation. After getting out of the Guard-house I had fully made up my mind to spend my vacations elsewhere.

One day our Lieutenant took us out for a drill. This was my first experience in that line, so when the "Lewie" called, "Stand at attention!" I turned around and saluted him, saying, "Stand at, where did you say?" Well, that dumb Lewie had me in the woodpile for a week.

After my previous visit to the woodpile I was a little more careful as to my manner of acting. At the end of three months I had received all the training necessary and was taken to Newport News to wait the sailing of my ship. When we were settled down on the ship my squad was given charge of the gun which was used as a protection against submarines. On the fifth day after we sailed from port I noticed a small island off to the left from which a stream of water was flying high into the air. I turned to one of my comrades and said, "See that keyser out there Bill?"

"That's no keyser, you fool," he said, "That's a whale spouting water." A couple days later I was on guard watching for submarines, when I suddenly beheld a long object sticking out of the water, and then as it arose a little higher I saw it's back. Just then a large object came hurtling through the water and struck the ship with a loud explosion. I rushed to the Captain of the ship and cried out, "Say, Cap., a blooming whale is throwing stones at the ship!" A few minutes later it was reported that a torpedo had struck the ship a glancing blow, but did no harm. I wondered where the torpedo came from, for I was sure there was nothing but an innocent whale within five miles of us. The Captain ordered me below to shovel coal as punishment for my carelessness. I was filled with terror over the prospects of going below to shovel coal, for I had visions of people wailing and gnashing their teeth. When I was allowed to go back on deck three days later, I had discovered that it was not the place the preacher tells about when he tries to convert some wicked soul.

After landing in France we were immediately taken to a camp one hundred and sixty miles back of the battle lines. The next day I was put on guard, and pretty soon a rough looking man came along. I commanded him to halt but he only said, "Parley voo franzy?" I immediately marched the man off to headquarters and turned him over to an Officer as a German, and I was threatened with the Guard-house for bringing in a peaceful Frenchman as a German spy. Nothing was done to me, however, so I decided the life of a soldier wasn't so bad after all.

"Look here" my Captain said one day, "I want you to go over there and guard that Street. If any one comes along hallow halt", three times distinctly, and if they dont stop, bring them to me." I consented and took my stand beside the street. Presently an Officer came along and I yelled, "Halt three times distinctly!" The man only looked my way and kept on going. I rushed after him and told him to come with me. He asked me what I wanted, and when I told him my intentions he shoved a pistol up to my ear and said, "Now, you wop, come with me to the guard-house." And I did.

One cloudy night while I was on guard, I heard the distant boom of cannon, or what I thought was cannon. I rushed to my Captain and told him to prepare for a retreat, for I heard the Germans coming. The Captain mumbled a few cuss-words and went to the door.

"That's thunder!" he angrily cried "I'll settle with you to-morrow!" I spent my first night in the trenches, thinking every sound I heard was the approach of the enemy. Early the next morning my company was ordered to take a Machine-gun nest, which was located in a small ravine. We were within a couple hundred yards of the German trenches, crawling on our hands and knees, when the Germans suddenly started firing at us. Instantly every one of my comrades dropped flat on his stomach to wait till the firing would cease. Thinking all my men had been killed, I looked fearfully about me a moment and then started for the rear.

"Come back here, you coward!" someone shouted.

Thinking it was only the ghost of a dead comrade calling I replied as I ran, "Just as soon as this dreadful war is over I will."

After my previous escape from the Germans I went to another sector, and I was determined to act with more bravery the next time. My chance came when one dark night several other men and I were detail-

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